THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE Pickwick Exhibition which the Council of the Dickens Fellowship arranged, and which was opened at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., on July 22, has met with the success that was all along anticipated. So successful, indeed, has it proved that the Council has determined to keep it open a fortnight longer than was originally intended, and instead of closing on August 28, as was announced last month, it will remain open until September 14. It should be noted, however, that the hours after August 28, will be from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m., and not till 9. Admission is one shilling.

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The interest that the exhibition has aroused is not surprising to those who have been in close touch with the working of the Fellowship in the last five years; but to the "superior" person who doubts the popularity of Dickens it would probably be amazing. The visitors have not all been English—indeed a day in the New Dudley Gallery would almost suggest that it is only the American and foreigner who is interested in *Pickwick*. The American visitors to the exhibition have totalled hundreds, and the enthusiasm that they display is not only interesting, but delightful. But the still more surprising fact is that the Frenchman, the German, and the Dutchman not only knows his *Pickwick* as well as the Englishman and American, but seems to be able to enter into the fun of the book, and to understand and appreciate Sam Weller as well as if they had lived in London all their lives and had a thorough acquaintance with cockney slang.

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Of course as the fame of the exhibition has spread, offers of exhibits have come in in bewildering number, and many interesting additions have been made to an already unique collection. During the first week of August, His Honour, Judge Bompas, K.C., son of Sergeant Bompas, who was the prototype of Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz was a visitor, and he kindly left behind him a locket containing a lock of his father's hair, and this interesting memento may be seen in one of the glass cases. Another interesting addition is a photograph of the house, No. 12 (now 31) High Street, Broadstairs, where Dickens was staying in August, 1837, and where he completed *Pickwick*. The house was converted into a shop some time ago, but this photograph shows the building before it was altered.

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The Second Annual Moveable Conference of the Dickens Fellowship will be held in London on Saturday, October 5. The business meeting at which it is expected that about 100 delegates will be present, will be held at the Holborn Restaurant, at 2·30 p.m. In the

evening at the same place a dinner will be held. Full details will be given in the October number of *The Dickensian*, but it may be stated that the Lord Mayor of London has promised to attend the dinner. Tickets will be 5*s*. each, and application must be made to the Hon. Gen. Sec., Mr. J. W. T. Ley, not later than September 28.

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We are glad to be able to announce that Dublin has now a branch of the Dickens Fellowship. This is the first branch that has been formed in Ireland, and we may now hope that its example will quickly be followed by such towns as Belfast and Cork. The Dublin branch owes its existence to Mr. Jack Shaw, who has been most unremitting in his endeavours to bring it about by letters to the press. The first President is Sir Charles Cameron, C.B , who has shown much interest in its formation, and acted as chairman on the occasion of its inauguration, Mr. W. H. Huish is Vice-President. Mr. Shaw's address is "Ivanhoe," Skerries, Co. Dublin.

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In the evidence issued by the Parliamentary Committee on "Blocking" Bills and motions recently, a fact especially interesting to lovers of Dickens is mentioned. Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, Clerk of the House, in giving evidence as to the history of "Blocking" motions, said that the earliest reference to the practice he found, "not in a work of authority," but in *Little Dorrit*. Dickens in that book remarks that the Parliamentary members of the Barnacle family used to put dummy motions on the Paper in the way of other men's motions.

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During the Esperanto Congress at Cambridge last month a performance was given at the New Theatre of the trial scene from Pickwick in the newest of languages. The following nationalities were included in the cast: English, Irish, Scotch, French, Swiss, Italian, Bohemian, Spanish, and according to the report in the local paper the audience followed with close attention Dickens's caricature of an English Court of Justice, and the same authority assures us that the performance of "Bardell kontraŭ Pickwick" was the event of the evening. Our worthy Vice-President, Mr. Oscar Browning, impersonated Mr. Pickwick, and looked the part wonderfully well. Indeed so well that our critic says "he might have come direct out of a Cruikshank illustration." Unfortunately Cruikshank never did a Pickwick illustration.

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A new Dombey play is to be produced at Cardiff on September 26 by the Dickens Repertoire Company. In it Mr. Charles Cartwright will play Captain Cuttle, Mr. Charles Collette Major Bagstock, Mr. Alan Pollock Carker, Mr. Arthur Royston Mr. Dombey, and Miss Edith Cartwright Edith Dombey. We understand the play, which has been adapted by Mr. Sutton Vane, is to be lavishly mounted and staged. The company have just returned from a tour in the provinces with "David Copperfield," and have met with great success everywhere. They open with it again at Brighton on September 9.

THE EDITOR.

DICKENS FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT*

BATING our characteristic extravagance in perhaps overdoing the matter, the enthusiasm attending Mr. Dickens's welcome to our shores has afforded a spectacle which may justly be regarded, not alone with satisfaction, but even with pride. We see in it an evidence of the quick and warm sympathy with which the popular heart rarely fails to respond to the hand that touches its finer chords, by appealing to its sense of the beautiful, the noble, and the good, its kindly charities and universal human affections. So that it strikes us with an impression of pleasure, akin to that always awakened when, in a crowded theatre, the utterance of any high or beautiful sentiment will elicit, as it usually does, independently of any merit of performance by the actor, a generous burst of feeling from that promiscuous audience, which does as much honour to the hearts it comes from, as to the author to whose work such applause is the noblest of tributes.

We see, moreover, in this a striking symptom of a more just and pure appreciation commencing to prevail, in the general public mind, of the only true greatness by which one man can be distinguished above the common level of his fellows – the greatness of goodness, and of genius faithfully applied to its high mission of the improvement and elevation of mankind. Who, tell us, is this young stranger, about whose path we crowd with so warm and eager a homage of our hearts—towards whom our souls thus yearn so kindly, as to some dear friend or brother whom we have long loved, though never seen—whom we are so anxious to clasp hand to hand, and to meet in that silent sympathy which passes between men like the transit of the electric spark when their eyes meet—who is he? Is it a soldier, coming crowned with all the crimsoned laurels of war—who has proved himself in battle, fearless of his own life, and careless of that of others, and has heroically murdered his thousands and tens of thousands in some great day of blood, and made desolate the hearth-stones of as many happy homes? No, no—there is no taint of "the military" about him. He never wore a sword by his side, nor a regimental title to his name; and we have no doubt that he holds all the shining nonsense of epaulettes and cocked hats, which delight so many "children of a larger growth," in about the same respect that he does the penny trumpets of his nursery reminiscences. No, no, thank God!—the soldier has not yet cursed the earth by his presence, who, in that capacity, would have elicited from the great heart of our people the welcome which has greeted the arrival of this young man to our shores.

Nor is he either aristocrat or millionaire. As to his purse, he has to fill it from time to time by a draft on his wits, like the poorest scribbler of the tribe; and as to rank, we are rejoiced that there is no other nobility about him than the universal title of simple and glorious manhood. He is neither Prince nor Lord—but there is neither Prince nor Lord in Christendom to whom we should have

*This article appeared under the title of "The Reception of Mr. Dickens" in *The United States Magazine*. April, 1842.

awarded the ovation of such a reception. Whether he ever had a grandfather or not, we are not informed—though, from the silence of the voice of fame, which has busied itself so much of late with him and his, this point may be considered doubtful. At any rate, his very name suffices to acquit him of any taint of "gentle blood," and he first appears on the surface of the world in the humblest capacity of plebeian penny-a-lining. But in our day and generation the Pen is a far more powerful weapon to open the world's oyster than ever was the Sword, and in the position to which it has already elevated this poor and obscure youth, we delight to read an expression of the homage of the age to its divine right and its magic might.

The chief secret of his extraordinary success is to be found in the accordance of the spirit generally pervading his writings with the democratic genius now everywhere rapidly developing itself as the principle of that new civilization, whose dawn is just brightening upon the world. We see that his mind is strongly possessed with a true sense of the unjust suffering, moral and physical, by which the mass of mankind are everywhere pressed down to the dust, and especially in the country to which hitherto the scope of his observation has been confined, with a kindly and brotherly sorrow for the hapless fate of its victims, and a righteous and manly indignation against its causes. This is that deep chord in the mighty lyre of the great popular heart, from which his touch has drawn forth a note at the same time so powerful, and attuned to so fine and sweet a harmony with the spontaneous sympathies of millions. We warn Wellington and Peel, we warn Toryism in general, against this young writer. If they had at their disposal the Bastilles and *lettres-de-cachet* of another day, we would advise their prompt application, as soon as he shall set foot in England again, on his return from his present visit, where his popular tendencies are not likely to be weakened. There is nothing in any of the books he has yet produced of a manifest political character, or of any probable political design. Yet there is that in them all which is calculated to hasten on the great crisis of the English Revolution (speed the hour!) far more effectively than any of the open assaults of Radicalism or Chartism. The great idea they all assert is that idea of human equality, under the influence of the progress of which the regal palaces and baronial castles of the whole world are crumbling and destined to crumble to ruin. He gives a strong shake to all the comfortable illusions with which upper life in England has been so long wont to surround itself, to lay to its soul the flattering unction that all these conventional artificialities of its little world within a world are true realities, and necessary to human existence and society. The English aristocrat looks down from the eminence of his accidental position upon the toiling, and suffering, and half-starving millions there far down beneath him, somewhat as from the summit of Dover Cliff:

> "Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice"

He is too distant and too high above them to realize* that they are indeed his fellows and his brethren, of the same flesh and blood, the same form, features, and feelings with himself. The contemplation of them produces not much more real and lasting effect on his mind than if they were indeed so many "mice." Such a writer as Dickens takes him quietly by the hand, and leads him down into the midst of them. He jostles among their infinite throng; he hears now with a thrilling distinctness those voices of their suffering and their despair which the wind could not before waft up to his ears; he looks into their pale and thin faces, and can see their tears, their furrows, and the melancholy stamp of expression left there by the daily hardship of the lot which has passed upon them from their cradle. He learns, too, the truth he never before suspected, how accidental a thing is nine-tenths of the vice and crime which he has always regarded as the natural element of existence to the degraded "lower orders," from those ranks his soldiers and his sheriffs are daily wont to fill his jails, to people his penal colonies, or to select the subjects with which to grace his gallows. He begins to understand how all this grows out of causes for which he is more responsible than they. And seeing that after all, on the whole, human nature down there is as good and as divine a thing as it is up above; that it is made up of the same materials, the same wants, affections, passions, capabilities; that the loveliness of virtue is not made up of the purple and fine linen with which he has been accustomed to behold her draped whenever she visits those "circles" to which his daily round of life has been confined, he begins to understand that there is indeed a holy and a mighty truth in that fine, sturdy, plebeian line which he has so often heard quoted, but never before felt:

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd, for a' that!"

England's "upper classes" have too long scorned to believe that men were men; her "lower" have too long scarce dared to admit the bold thought into their minds; both are now beginning to see and to feel it; and we trust that the day is not far distant when the latter will prove to all the world, that they not only know their right to the name, equally with duke or king, but that they are not unworthy of it.

We shall not here embark upon any general criticism or analysis of Mr. Dickens's writings, though we regard them and their reception

* A very good and useful word, however it may be sneered at by English critics as an Americanism. Why should we be afraid of introducing new words into the language which it is our mission to spread over a new world?—we who have introduced into it, for exportation as well as home consumption, so many new ideas and new things. A fig for this affected antiquarian precision of language! It is well rebuked by a great authority in the following extract from those charming volumes, Miss Sedgwick's Letter from Europe:—

'I was struck with the different views that are taken of the same subject in different positions, when afterward, in a conversation with the celebrated Manzoni, he asked me if America, in emancipating herself from political dependence, had also obtained intellectual freedom; if, unenslaved by the classic models of England, we ventured to modify the language, and to use such new phrases and words as naturally sprung from new circumstances."

by the people of both sides of the ocean as so important a phenomenon in the times, that we shall before long attempt the task. But there is one striking defect in them which, in the present undiscriminating applause bestowed on both him and them, we will not omit to notice. We refer to the atrocious exaggeration of his bad characters. There are no such creatures in the world or in Nature. Take Quilp, that hideous and devilish incarnation of the pure abstract idea of all that is malignant,—what right has he to disgust and wound all our moral sensibilities by giving such a thing a prominent place in so many of the finest scenes of his exquisite drama of the *Old Curiosity Shop?* The angel in the centre, the antagonist incarnation of the beautiful, the good, the true, the wise, the loving, and the innocent, needs no such foil to the sweet radiance of her halo. Take Ralph Nickleby, take Fagin, take the amiable pair of the Brasses, take Sir Edward Chester, and, finally, take Noah Claypole, with his oysters, himself more nauseous than the very worst one of them, which even he could not swallow! We protest against Mr. Dickens introducing such people to our acquaintance, and insisting on bringing them with him so intimately whenever he comes. True, we cannot close our doors against either him or them, if we would, but we should greatly prefer the unmitigated pleasure of his own visits, with those troops of other dear friends whom he has taught us to love and delight in, without having to pay for it the price of tolerating the presence of all these nightmare monstrosities in his train. But Mr. Dickens is "a privileged character," and we suppose we must put up with his eccentricities, like our fair friend whose favourite pet was a snake, for ever peering from her sleeve, or emerging to twine about her neck from a nestling place which many might envy him, though none might share. Still there are no such characters in human nature; and the moral effect of exhibiting such to the imagination is very bad, and a serious drawback on the useful influences of the rest of his writings. The reader learns to believe in the possibility of such total depravity. He meets with persons presenting single aspects of character, or guilty, perhaps, of single acts, resembling the traits of these hideous creations of the magic pen, and is half unfitted to judge them either with that justice due to all, or that charity needed alike by all.

This same tone of exaggeration runs indeed through most of his characters, though some of the best are free from it—the locksmith and sweet Dolly Varden for instance. It is like that kind of sketching which produces such brilliant effects by strong white masses and points, thrown out by equally strong depths of black shade. His humour is constantly running into the grotesque, and many of his most admirable portraits are after all only caricatures. Few of his comic characters are free from this; and like all caricatures, it is in their very absurdity, the basis of Nature and truth magnified and distorted into a sort of possible impossibility, that their drollery chiefly consists. This was perhaps inseparable from the mode of publication, with reference to which he has had to weave out his regular weekly or monthly measure of matter for his busy printers and his expectant public. Each part must stand as a

complete picture and a complete action by itself. The characters must be rapidly struck off by a few dashing and sketching strokes of outline, their remarkable traits standing out with such a salient boldness as to throw them necessarily out of all regular proportion or consistency, when closely scanned—as Mr. Tyler's nose, for example, a very extraordinary phenomenon when viewed under the most favourable circumstances, a something new under the sun, the sage of old to the contrary notwithstanding, as the presidential nose, we say (and it is in no spirit of either irreverence or unkindness that we thus point our illustration), would certainly produce a very startling effect on the canvas of an artist who, in his haste, should concentrate all his light upon that feature, and throw back the rest of the face into dimness and shade.

We sometimes hear a comparison instituted between Dickens and Scott, but they do not admit of it; it is almost like comparing together a colour and a sound. The difference between them, without disparagement to either, was happily struck off in a word by a lady, herself one of the most rare ornaments, not only of her sex, but of the art in which she sought her illustration, "Scott is Raphael; Dickens, Hogarth."

The future lying before the subject of these brief and hasty remarks it is impossible to predict. He is still very young. Most men, writing so much in early life, and so rapidly, write themselves out. It is astonishing that he has been able to do so much within the past three or four years. He must have been under perpetual whip and spur, with the press for ever, as Scott expressed it, "clattering and thundering at his heels." He is now taking necessary interval of rest—lying fallow, as it were. Is the next product of the soil to be on the principle of the modern agriculture, the rotation of crops? We should be inclined to doubt whether the field can yield much more of the same as of old. At all events, we know that it is a right good soil, and we should be sorry to be absent from the harvesting.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL" TO AID THE CRIPPLES

Some time next month Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish a special edition of *A Christmas Carol*, the profits on which will go to the Lord Mayor of London's Fund for establishing a permanent Home for Crippled Children. The edition will have many attractions. It will be especially printed by Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, on antique paper, and contain reproductions of Leech's famous pictures, printed in colour, after the style of the originals. In addition, Fred Barnard's charming drawings, which he did for the *Household Edition*, carefully reduced to suit the page, will be included, and the volume will be appropriately bound with a figure of Scrooge on the back and that of Bob Cratchit carrying Tiny Tim home from church on the front cover, both executed in gold. There will be an introduction from the pen of the Lord Mayor, and there can be no doubt that for such a deserving object such an appropriate undertaking will meet with the success it deserves. The price will be 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE PICKWICK ENGLAND

By G. K CHESTERTON

LECTURING on the above subject at the Pickwick Exhibition on August 1, Mr. Chesterton said :—"If one were asked to give an example of how good a man could be when he had money, and how good a man could be when he hadn't, one could not give a better example than Mr. Samuel Pickwick and Mr. Samuel Weller. There you have the old bourgeoisie and the old democracy of Englan d expressed in their most vigorous and their finest human types. What has happened to the lower classes since that time I cannot tell. My brother is a Socialist, and he says he can tell me. Personally, I doubt whether he is right."

The class of Pickwick (he went on) had now divided itself into two sections. One part had become the offensively prosperous stockbroker, who dressed heavily—in the words of Stevenson, "a little too like a wedding guest to be quite a gentleman"; whilst another part of the middle-classes had branched off into things which might be summed up as Jaegerism, idealism, vegetarianism, and so on—forms of idealism which were probably very noble, but which would have appeared to Mr. Pickwick as quite insane. "Thank God," he added, "there are still some of us in the middle."

"A poem, in which people did things—drinking and so forth—on the heroic scale," was Mr. Chesterton's description of the *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Pickwick belonged to a class of Englishmen who went about slapping their chests and saying, "Look at us," as proud of the prosperous condition of their country as if they were responsible for it, whereas it was really due to the fact that Napoleon had smashed all the commerce of the others. "They were really quite innocent of it," Mr. Chesterton remarked; "they had never stolen anything, never been dishonest, never done any of the things that make for financial prosperity at the present time."

In those days people were content to exercise the virtues that they understood, instead of getting into complications through seeking for virtues which were more elusive. Dickens was never cruel; when Mr. Weller, sen., put Mr. Stiggins into the horse trough and kicked him violently, the whole position was concentrated upon the strength of old Weller, and there was no gloating over the sufferings of Stiggins. "There is even," argued Mr. Chesterton, "a certain amount of pathos and dignity about the strength of Mr. Weller—first, because of his advanced age, and, secondly, because of the fact that hitherto he had to contain himself and refrain from the performance of this operation upon Mr. Stiggins." The tendency of the modern novel, on the other hand, was to gloat over the feelings of the vanquished; there was cruelty, too, in the tea-table gossip that entered so much into modern books.

"The greatest comic characters," he declared, "were nearly all good men. There are some exceptions—that of Falstaff, for instance, is enough to break any rule; but even Falstaff, if you study him with sympathy as I do, owes a great deal of his charm to some carefully concealed virtues."

THE MOSES PICKWICK SCREEN

ONE of the exhibits which is attracting a great deal of attention in the Pickwick Exhibition is the Threefold Screen formerly belonging to Messrs. Moses Pickwick & Co., coach proprietors, of Bath. It is well known, of course, that Dickens adopted the name of Pickwick for the chief character in his book, from one of the coaches plying between Bath and London at the time when he

was a reporter. It will also be remembered that Sam draws Mr. Pickwick's attention to the name on one of these coaches. "Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, quite staggered by the coincidence, "what a very extraordinary thing!" "Yes, but that ain't all," said Sam, again directing his master's attention to the coach door; "not content with writin' up Pickwick, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I calls addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards."

This is the veritable screen which stood in the hall of the White Hart Hotel, Bath, at the time that hotel was owned by Moses Pickwick. As will be seen, it is signed "Moses Pickwick & Co., September 1st, 1830," and has painted on it the Rules and Regulations relating to Fares, Passengers' Luggage, &c., enforced by Act of Parliament. It is lent to the Exhibition by Mr. Austin King, of Bath, and is here reproduced with his permission.

LECTURES AND RECITALS AT THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

IN connection with the Pickwick Exhibition, which is still open, at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, an interesting series of lectures and recitals was arranged. The first took place on July 24 in the form of a lantern lecture on "Pickwick Land," by Mr. Augustus Ovey, who showed a delightful series of coloured slides depicting scenes, houses, and characters associated with the book. These were all made by Mr. Ovey, who delivered a running commentary upon them during the evening, which was greatly appreciated by all present.

On August 1, Mr. G. K. Chesterton delivered a lecture on "The Superiority of the Pickwick England," which is reported on another page.

On August 14, Mr. Frank Speaight, the well-known Dickens reciter, made his first appearance in London since his return from America, and gave one of his characteristic evening's entertainments, which comprised recitals of "The Trial Scene," "The Brothers Cherryble," and "The Journey from Rochester to Dingley Dell." Mr. Speaight was in splendid form, and kept his audience in the happiest humour the whole time.

On August 21, Mr. H. Snowden Ward's Lantern Lecture was devoted to "Scenes of Pickwick," and he took his audience on a sort of personally-conducted tour through Pickwickian Dickens Land, dwelling at each picture sufficiently long to explain its association with the book and to make a connected and lucid story of his lecture. Altogether he showed fifty slides of real excellence, and provided a most enjoyable and, at the same time, informative evening's entertainment.

On the following evening Professor William Miles gave a series of recitals, including "The Shooting Party," "Mr. Winkle on the Ice," and "Mr. Winkle at Bath," from *Pickwick*, and a selection from *Dombey & Son*. Mr. Miles was in wonderful form and kept the audience in roars of laughter throughout his Pickwickian recitals. He was equally well appreciated in delineating the pomposity of Dombey and the pathetic scenes with Little Paul.

All the lectures and recitals were greatly enjoyed by large audiences, and have added considerably to the attraction of the now famous Exhibition.

On September 5, at 7.30, Mr. B. W. Matz will give a lecture entitled, "A Chat about Dickens and the places in his books," illustrated with lantern slides.

DICKENS AND THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

By ROBERT ALLBUT

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN DICKENS LAND," &c.

IN the earlier days of the nineteenth century, while yet the recollection of many a conflict—on land and sea—was held in bitter memory on both sides of "the silver streak," the *entente cordiale* between England and France was altogether unknown. Each nationality thought of the other with derogatory and inimical regard. "A patriotic toast in Mr. Sapsea's infancy" was

When the French come over
May we meet them at Dover.

Even in mid-Victorian times we were still in the bonds of mutual distrust and suspicion, and a very little breeze would suffice to stir up the embers of ill-will and create a blaze of unfriendly feeling between us. We did not know, and therefore did not esteem, on either side. "The times of this ignorance" in the past Heaven condoned, "but now commandeth that men everywhere should" change their minds; and to this end Charles Dickens has contributed in no small degree. He has brought about a more kindly understanding on the English side; showing in his delicately perceptive appreciation of the better-part of human nature that honour, generosity, and consideration were—equally with our own characteristics—the distinguishing traits of French ordinary society.

After his return from the United States, which he visited (January-June) in 1842, he started on certain subsequent European tours—commencing in the summer of 1844—inclusive of Italy, the Rhine, Switzerland, Belgium, and Paris, thus becoming personally acquainted with our continental neighbours. In the month of June, 1853, Dickens, being unwell, took up quarters for himself and family at the *Château des Moulineaux*, Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne, where our author "picked up in the most extraordinary manner." He was well satisfied and pleased with his surroundings, and became much attached to the place and the people. For two subsequent seasons he sojourned in a house on the same ground—the *Villa du Camp de Droite*—belonging also to the same excellent landlord, Monsieur Beaucourt.

In a letter to Mr. W. H. Wills, June 18, 1853, he gives description as follows:—"It is in the country, not more than ten minutes' walk from the post-office, and is the best dolls' house of many rooms in the prettiest French grounds in the most charming situation I have ever seen; the best place I have ever lived in abroad, except at Genoa. You can scarcely imagine the beauty of the air in this richly-wooded hillside." Writing to the Hon. Mrs. Watson, November 1, 1854, he says:—"I have passed an idle autumn in a beautiful situation, and am dreadfully brown and big. For further particulars of Boulogne see 'Our French Watering Place' in the present week of *Household Words*, which contains a faithful portrait of our landlord there."

It is with especial reference to the article above-named that the present writer desires to point his moral and adorn his tale; for it

most surely demonstrates the master's sympathetic appreciation of true goodness and genuine courtesy, which always appealed so irresistibly to the heart of our inimitable Charles—

> ——— "the flower
> And native growth of noble mind."

This is the portrait referred to of *M. Loyal Devasseur*, citizen and town councillor, "whose houses are delightful. He unites French elegance and English comfort in a happy manner quite his own. A portly, upright, broad-shouldered, brown-faced man, whose soldierly bearing gives him the appearance of being taller than he is. Look into the bright eye of M. Loyal, standing before you in his working blouse and cap, not particularly well shaved, and, it may be, very earthy, and you shall discern in M. Loyal a gentleman whose true politeness is in grain; and confirmation of whose word by his bond you would blush to think of." . . . "Good Monsieur Loyal; under blouse or waistcoat he carries one of the gentlest hearts that beat in a nation teeming with gentle people. . . . Long ago a family of children and a mother were left in one of his houses without money a whole year. Monsieur Loyal—anything but rich as we wish he had been—had not the heart to say, 'You must go'; so they stayed on, and paying tenants, who would have come in, couldn't come in. At last they managed to get helped home across the water, and Monsieur Loyal kissed the whole group, and said, 'Adieu, my poor infants,' and sat down in their deserted *salon* and smoked the pipe of peace. 'The rent, Monsieur Loyal?' 'Oh, well! the rent!' Monsieur Loyal shakes his head. 'Le bon Dieu,' says Monsieur Loyal, presently, 'will recompense me,' and he laughs and smokes his pipe of peace. May he smoke it on the property and not be recompensed these fifty years!" . . . "To us it is not the least pleasant feature of our French watering-place that a long and constant fusion of the two great nations there has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices that have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally." . . . "The people in town and country are a busy people who work hard; they are sober, temperate, good-humoured, light-hearted, and generally remarkable for their engaging manners."

We must all remember that most delightful story of "Richard Doubledick," how, after scenes of European strife and warfare, he at last encountered that French officer, under whose rally at Badajos his friend and "witness," Major Taunton, was killed, and whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. And how he then made the second strong resolution of his life, and "forgave him in the name of the Divine forgiver of injuries."

Reference may be made to the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1862, "Somebody's Luggage," containing the MS. found in "His Boots," being the narrative relating to Mr. The Englishman (Mr. Langley—*Monsieur l'Anglais*), the insular lodger *chez Madame Bouchet*, in "the sleepy old town" in France. It is a touching story, full of Dickensian tenderness and pathos, and fraught with genuine esteem for neighbourly charity and worth. This we may recall as developed in the relations between *Corporal Théophile* and

the little *Bebelle*, and in the respectful sympathy evidenced by the old "walnut shell"-faced *Monsieur Mutuel*—"a gentleman in every thread of his cloudy linen, under whose wrinkled hand every grain in the quarter of an ounce of poor snuff in his poor little tin box became a gentleman's property."

Once again, in "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," we may recollect the visit of that good lady, with her resident boarder, Major Jackson, and her adopted grandson, to the Cathedral town of *Sens*, where "every soul about the hotel made friends with Jemmy and the Major." Mrs. Lirriper "was a little uneasy at the sound of the cries that were set up," until her grandson explained: "They are calling out, Gran, 'Bravo the Military English'"; "which," said Mrs. L., "was very gratifying to my feelings as a Briton, and became the name the Major was known by."

Charles Dickens did not exclusively limit his international sympathy and regard to the country and people nearest our own. He had also a pleasant word of goodwill to say in reference to Italy and Switzerland. In his conclusion to *Pictures from Italy* (1844) the following passage occurs, appreciative, optimistic and prophetic:—"Let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well-disposed, patient and sweet-tempered. Years of neglect, oppression and misrule have been at work to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies, fomented by petty princes to whom union was destruction and division strength, have been a canker at their root of nationality, and have barbarized their language; but the good that that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be, one day, raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope!"

Writing to his friend, W. S. Landor (1846), he pleads for consideration in regard to the worthy folk of the Land of Tell:—"Don't be hard on the Swiss. They are a thorn in the sides of European despots, and a good wholesome people to live near Jesuit-ridden kings on the brighter side of the mountains. My hat shall ever be ready to be thrown up, and my glove ever ready to be thrown down for Switzerland."

The following references do not come precisely within the scope and intention of this article, nevertheless it may not be considered inappropriate to direct brief attention to the good-fellowship sentiments of Dickens in relation to AMERICA and AUSTRALIA. We all know how he revisited the United States in 1867, and can pleasantly recall the cordiality of his reception. A farewell dinner was given in his honour by the New York Press, at Delmonico's (April 18, 1868), at which Mr. Horace Greeley presided; and on that occasion Charles Dickens bore testimony to many changes and improvements he had everywhere marked in the country and the people, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years; the rise of new cities, and the progress manifest in the graces and amenities of society. He assured his entertainers that thenceforth, all copies of his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*

should contain special mention of these changes as then referred to; the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality and consideration which he had observed as their national characteristics; and of which, in many instances, he had been the grateful recipient. Two days later, on the occasion of his last American Reading, he bade his final adieu, telling his hearers that he hoped often to recall them, equally by his winter fire, and in the green summer weather, "never as a mere public audience, but as a host of personal friends."

By implication, AUSTRALIA comes in for honourable mention in *David Copperfield*, when Miss Betsey Trotwood recommends that country to Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, as possessing the "finest climate in the world." "Just so," returns Mrs. Micawber, "then my question arises. Now *are* the circumstances of the country such that a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities would have a fair chance of rising in the social scale?" "No better opening anywhere," is the reply, "for a man who conducts himself well and is industrious."

We also get a delightfully good word in the same book, when Mr. Peggotty revisits England, with news of the emigrants, bringing with him a letter addressed to David, as published in the *Port Middlebay Times*, and signed, "Wilkins Micawber, Magistrate." It is written on behalf of the whole of the inhabitants of the town," and in it the following passage occurs:—"Though 'remote,' we are neither 'melancholy' nor (I may add) 'slow.'"

Reference may also be made to the account of the public dinner given "to our distinguished fellow-colonist and townsman," and recorded in that same newspaper, in which we get a very pleasant reminder of Dr. Mell, Mrs. Micawber's family, &c. All this is evidently intended by the author as a tribute of hearty goodwill and esteem for our Australian fellow-subjects.

And we are well assured that these sentiments are cordially reciprocated, as, from time to time the Council and adherents of the DICKENS FELLOWSHIP in London have the honour of receiving and entertaining ladies and gentlemen from both and other countries:—Members of the Fellowship in Canada, Chester (U.S.A.), Philadelphia, New York, Melbourne, and New Zealand, knit together with ourselves "in a common bond of friendship, as lovers of that great master," the bonnie Prince Charlie of Victorian literature.

Thus we may see that one of the great aims of Charles Dickens was to break down the middle wall of partition, existing even in the second half of the last century, between the English, French and other continental nationalities; a wall built up and cemented by our mutual non-knowledge and distrust of each other. He "saw with larger, other eyes than ours," the many admirable characteristics of our neighbours: their industry, vivacity, simplicity, generous consideration, cheerfulness and thrift; and, in his several works—rendered in good Parisian style under his personal supervision—he helped our friends across the channel to a more intimate acquaintance with the solid, practical and unselfish virtues of our own people, virtues too often but partially revealed,

by reason of a certain British reticence of demeanour, conducive tc misapprehension and mistake. The portraiture of "Mr. The Englishman," as before referred to, may be noted in this regard.

In these better days on which the world has fallen, we all mean well, and do our best on either side. It is pleasant reading in this connection to observe, as an item of ordinary news, that the Mayor of Lyons recently proposed a toast to King Edward—"The sure and precious friend of France"—at a civic banquet given there to representatives of English and Scotch municipalities. The toast was honoured and acknowledged amid loud cheers. This and other kindred incidents may be regarded as the genuine outcome of present feeling, and the certain prophecy of future sentiment between us in the good time coming.

Perhaps, largely due to the noble genius of Dickens, we may at length attain a fair appreciation of each other, and learn more thoroughly to recognize the true solidarity of mutual charity, tolerance and respect.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXXIII

WELCOME! o'er the ocean blue,
Welcome to the youthful West,
Ardent hearts, and spirits true,
Greet thee, as a favour'd guest.

Well our Motherland hath taught us,
How to honour those, whose skill
From the realms of genius brought us
Various treasures, at their will.
And her children would not be,
False to her—or cold to thee.

And that Motherland hath shown us,
How the stranger's heart to cheer;
By her hearth-stone she hath plac'd us,
There to learn her lessons dear;
Of such fair example we
Would not now forgetful be.

On our lips her accents linger,
In our veins her blood doth run,
And a heaven-born faith inspireth
Child and parent, both as one;
So we breathe, with spirit free
Love to her, and love to thee.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

(Read at the Dinner given to Dickens at Hartford, U.S.A., 1842.)

BARDELL *v.* PICKWICK

A NEW ADAPTATION *

WE have received a copy of the adaptation of The Trial, "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," prepared by J. W. Bengough, and presented at Toronto, Canada, recently, by members of the Branch of the Dickens Fellowship in that town, and it is one of the best adaptations that we have seen. It differs from the majority of such adaptations in an important particular. The majority of adaptations have taken in The Trial only, and a knowledge of the circumstances which led up to it has been assumed in the audiences. It may be agreed that this is a fairly reasonable assumption, but it is one of the unexplained and inexplicable facts that in such audiences there

MR. MILTON LEE AS "SAM WELLER."

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH AS "MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH."

is always quite a marked proportion of people who have not the knowledge. Mr. Bengough, with the aid of a prologue, which introduces the famous scene at Goswell Street, when Mr. Pickwick's inquiry as to whether Mrs. Bardell thought it a much greater expense to keep one person than to keep two was so terribly misunderstood, has made what might be quite fairly described as a connected play. It has been well done, and this little booklet is one of the most interesting of recent items of Dickensiana. Messrs. Tupman and Snodgrass are put into the witness-box in this play,

* The Breach of Promise Trial, *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*, adapted from the *Pickwick Papers* of Charles Dickens, by J. W. Bengough, as presented by the Dickens Fellowship Company of Players at Toronto, May 9th, 10th, 15th, and 28th, 1907. 25 cents.

MR. HARRY M. BENNETT AS "SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ."

MR E. S. WILLIAMSON AS "SERJEANT BUZFUZ."

MR. F. M. BELL-SMITH AS "SERJEANT SNUBBIN."

MRS. E. H. STAFFORD AS "MRS. BARDELL."

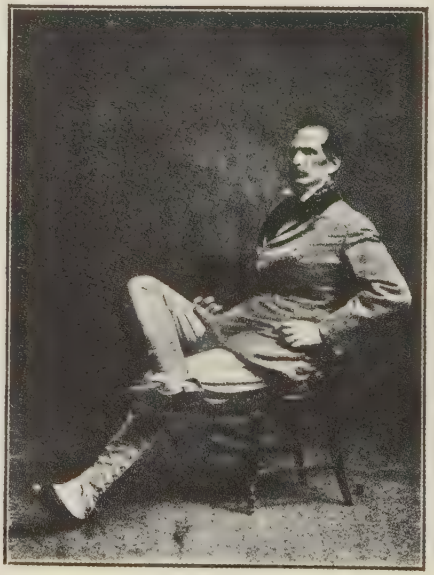
but their evidence is not so long as might be expected, and they are not badgered and bullied beyond endurance, as we are told in *The Pickwick Papers* that they were. It is rather curious that Mr. Pickwick himself should here appear in the witness-box, for, as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has pointed out more than once, at the period at which this trial is dated—1828—the procedure of such trials did not allow the defendant to be called. In writing a speech for the defence to put into the mouth of Serjeant Snubbin, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith was confronted with a difficult task—for it would be expecting too much to expect him to sustain the humour of the book. Nevertheless, he has not failed. The speech is uneven, but at times the humour rises to quite a high level. Mr. E. S. Williamson (who, we understand from a member of the audience competent to judge, filled the *rôle* of Serjeant Buzfuz with entire success) was responsible for the final speech of the immortal Serjeant, delivered in reply to Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Williamson had a yet more difficult task than Mr. Bell-Smith. It would require a second Boz to write a second Buzfuz speech, but always bearing this in mind. Mr. Williamson may be said to have done well, and, at any rate, he has realized the true spirit of the thing. It only remains to be said that the book has been daintily produced, and contains numerous portraits of characters as they appeared in the play last May.

Some of these portraits are reproduced in these pages by kind permission of Mr. E. S. Williamson, President of the Toronto Branch.

PICKWICK

By FRANK SPEAIGHT

PICKWICK immortal!
Loud is the laughter
With which men greet thee
All over the world.
Not England alone,
Sphere of thy wand'rings,
Welcome thee ever
With fondest salute.
Whole nations ring forth
Their hearty guffaw;
And children unborn
Will take up the strain:
Blessing the master
That sent thee and Sam;
Rippling with laughter
Around a sad world.



MR. A. M. DONOVAN AS "NATHANIEL WINKLE."

DICKENS AND THACKERAY AT THE DINNER-TABLE

By W. A. FRASER

AUTHOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS," &C.

IN the fiction of the Victorian era, and especially in the pages of Dickens, there is much about eating and drinking. Thackeray has far less to say about food in his novels, and yet, strangely enough, Dickens cared little for the pleasures of the table, while Thackeray, on the contrary, cared very much. Dickens loved to dilate upon the brewing of a bowl of punch, and yet when it was made he drank less of it than any other person present. He revelled in the idea merely. His health was never really robust, nor his appetite. During the six months he spent in America on his reading tour through the chief cities of the country he never once made a really hearty meal. Thackeray had bad health also, but it did not prevent him, unfortunately perhaps, from indulging in the rich, heavy dinners and the far too abundant claret of the Victorian era. He loved claret, and informed a friend that in his time he had drunk enough to float a man-of-war! That his life would have lasted for some years longer at least had he been more abstemious is certain; but, as he half-humorously, half-pathetically told his friend, "The doctors tell me not to eat, and I do eat; they tell me not to drink, and I do drink; they tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke—so how can I expect to be well?" In this respect, at least, if in no other, Dickens was the stronger man of the two; he would have obeyed the doctor's orders. We feel quite confident on that point.

Thackeray, however, was weary of life, and, having provided for his daughters, and written two masterpieces, *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond*, was glad to lay it down. He had never possessed the restless and never-satisfied energy of Dickens, and his lectures were terribly irksome to him, and, but for the absolute necessity of making larger sums in this manner than he could earn by his pen, he would never have consented to appear on the platform. He cordially hated these exhibitions, whereas his great rival was a born actor, and never happier than when he played in the full glare of the footlights and before an applauding crowd.

The eating and drinking in the pages of Dickens is all of the middle-class or lower middle-class. In Thackeray it is among the upper circles that the meals are chronicled for us. Who can forget Monsieur Mirobolunt, in *Pendennis?* It is delicious to read of his feats of culinary skill. It makes our mouths water merely to think of the dinner he sent up Blanche Amory, and the grateful offerings laid at the feet of Madame Fribsby. The cream flavoured with pineapple, the mayonnaise of lobster, the box of preserved fruits from Provence! Lucky Madame Fribsby to have rendered a service to such an incomparable artist!

Dickens did not deal in dinner-parties or with French cooks! In *Little Dorrit* there is a passing mention of these things, but no detailed description there or in any other of his stories. Thackeray

gives us pages of culinary gossip. He sat at the feasts of many great men. The dining-out life appealed to him as it never did to his rival, to whom it was ever a weariness and often a penance. The difference between the two men was very marked. Dickens was often shy, uneasy, shrinking in society, while Thackeray was at his best. Dickens's thoughts would turn to the hardships and bitter trials of his boyhood while sitting one of a gay company round a splendid table. Thackeray's evil days came when he was a young man. His boyhood was by no means unlike that of those who sat round him in the great houses he loved to frequent, and which Dickens took such pains to keep out of—not always wisely, it must be admitted. In Thackeray's past there was no debtor's prison, no blacking warehouse, nothing squalid, sordid, mean, and miserable. His early trials and struggles never deprived him of his place in society. Dickens knew the seamy side of life; he had lived in it during the whole of his boyhood and his earliest manhood. He never forgot it, and the ghosts of the past rose before him on many an occasion when sitting at the tables of the rich and great. Little wonder, then, that he was often silent and ill at ease amidst a splendour so incongruous with his inmost thoughts and past experience.

The two men were so absolutely unlike in every particular that it is difficult to see how, under the most favourable circumstances, they ever could have been great friends.

Thackeray felt hurt at his own inability to approach Dickens's splendid popularity, while Dickens resented Thackeray's social success, although always affecting to despise society, and attacking it with rather heavy and clumsy satire in the pages of *Bleak House*, he, in reality, desired to have it said that the doors of all the greatest houses in London stood open to him and to those bearing his name.

CANON BENHAM ON DICKENS AND KENT

CANON BENHAM, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, contributes a very interesting and sympathetic article on "Dickens and Kent" to the volume devoted to Kent in the series of memorials of the Counties of England, which Messrs. Bemrose & Sons publish. The volume is edited by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., and George Clinch, F.E.S., and is a handsome and valuable contribution to the history of our counties.

Kent's ancient and brilliant story is told in its pages by authorities on all its different phases. Canon Benham treats his subject from a topographical standpoint chiefly, locating the places and scenes in the county which can with certainty be described as definite. He does not discover Muggleton for us, but is certain it is not Maidstone, and is doubtful about the story of Job Baldwin, whose grave is in Rainham churchyard, being the original of Sam Weller, although he quotes a local doctor who thought he was. We are inclined to the Sam Vale identification. Again, he says "one inn we have in *Pickwick* about which there is no doubt—the 'Leather Bottle' at Cobham." Of course there are several others. Canon Benham thinks that unmistakably Paddock Wood Station is the

one at which Carker's terrible death occurred, and that the green in front of Fort House, Broadstairs, is the spot on which Betsey Trotwood drove off the donkeys, although Dickens transferred the incident to the dear lady's house at Dover. The general impression is that this was on Broadstairs front. The house is now known as "Dickens House." He also has set down Joe Gargery's forge as the one at Cliffe-at-Hoo, a suggestion that has been made before.

The article is full of interest and information in many ways, and is well illustrated from photographs. Speaking of *Edwin Drood* and the many solutions to the story, he says, "I have no doubt, after long reflection, that the solution of the mystery has been found by Mr. Crouch, namely, that Jasper murdered Edwin, and that Datchery is Helena Landless." We have not heard of "Mr. Crouch" in this connection before, and believe that Canon Benham must be thinking of Mr. J. Cuming Walters, who was the first to propound this theory.

THE POWER OF DICKENS AS A READER

By "DICK DONOVAN"

ONE of the most engrossing volumes of reminiscences published for some time is that of "Dick Donovan," which Mr. T. Werner Laurie has recently issued under the title of *Pages from an Adventurous Life*. Every chapter is full of interest and entertainment, and as the book covers a wide area of literary life, there are few persons and events in the Bohemian life of London during the last decade that "Dick Donovan" has not much to allure his reader concerning. Amongst the many notables of which he has something interesting to say is Dickens. He heard him read *The Chimes* at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1861, and he gives the following account of the impression it had upon him:—

"There was one event that occurred in Manchester at this period of my career. This was the appearance of Charles Dickens at the Free Trade Hall in the character of a public reader. I think it must have been early in 1861 that I was a unit in a vast audience assembled to hear the great novelist read *The Chimes*. To me it was a revelation. I had previously read many of his works, and for a long time had had an unconquerable yearning to see and know the author whom all England was talking about. The man's beautiful, sympathetic voice, the wonderfully expressive eyes, his marvellous eloquence, his magnetic presence seemed to throw me under a spell, and I regarded him as something more than a human being, or at any rate as a man who was quite different from other men I had so far known. The power that Dickens had over the hearts of the people at this time was little short of marvellous. On the occasion I allude to the great hall was literally packed from floor to ceiling. Yet that audience was placed under the spell wielded by the man whose voice was like a silver bell, and who acted what he read. The pathos moved the people to tears, the humours stirred them to roars of laughter. There were no accessories of music or scenery, simply one man at a reading-desk; but what a man! What a gift to be able to charm and sway a multitude! Sometimes you could have heard a

pin drop, at others the roof seemed rent with the roars of the people as they gave vent to their strained feelings. And when it came to the peroration there was a silence which was almost painful, even a woman's sob here and there only served to intensify it.

" 'Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream; himself a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, waking but now? If it be so, O listener, dear to him in all the visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows came, and in your sphere—none is too wide and none too narrow for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve, and soften them. So may the new year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of your brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.' Gently, slowly the book was closed, and the solitary figure seemed to glide from the stage, yet the vast audience remained silent—for hours; it was only seconds, but the seconds seem hours. Then the people let themselves go; they had the weary man back, and they thundered their approval. He stood there slowly bowing, the tears of heartfelt emotion running down his pale cheeks. I passed out into the frosty night. I was a dreamer; I was dreaming dreams. Charles Dickens had carved his name on my heart. For many days afterwards he seemed to haunt me, and to stir within me feelings and desires of which, up to then, I had only had a vague consciousness."

There is much besides concerning the literary and artistic luminaries of the period in Dick Donovan's volume which will appeal to all who take an interest in the lives of those who have contributed to the enlightenment of the age.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PICKWICKIAN DUPLICATED ENUMERATION.

Sir,—In reference to Mr. Fitzgerald's paper prefacing Catalogue of the Pickwick Exhibition, may I be allowed to suggest an explanation of the *why* queried by our Past President, relative to the double enumeration (as occurring in the first editions of *Pickwick*) of Chapter xxviii. *Imprimis*, the author evidently made the mistake in the heading of his chapter containing "The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton," and, by inadvertence, used the number of his preceding "Good-humoured Christmas Chapter,"—legitimately xxviii. *Secondly*, this error was overlooked by the reviser, and Number X.—published January, 1837—went to press without correction. But the mischief was done, and past mending, for several thousand copies of the New Year's Number in due course came into circulation.

The only thing therefore was to quietly accept the position, starting No XI. (Feby.) with Chapter xxix. Thus the Statement of Contents—published nine months afterwards on completion—was arranged with the ill-starred but needful asterisk.

It may be interesting to note that the original stereos of this first edition (609 pages) were in use twenty-five years later, the "star" still shining above the prefatory horizon.

Yours faithfully,
Robt. Allbut.

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF DICKENS'.

SIR,—The writer of the article on the early American editions in *The Dickensian* for July does not seem very accurate in his details. I have seen three copies of the Turney edition of *Pickwick* (the first American issue in parts) and have a very fine copy of this rare book. The title-page does not say "with illustrations by Crowquill," but "with fifty-four illustrations by Seymour, Phiz and Crowquill,"—the last name standing in a line by itself. As a matter of fact the title is wrong; there are fifty-two plates; forty-one being by Seymour and Phiz, two by Buss, and the remaining nine taken from Crowquill's *Pickwickians*. Further, the frontispiece is not from the "Sam Weller" title, but the proper Phiz front. All are very good lithographs. It is a matter of small importance that the wrappers of Harper's edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* were not blue, but grey with no trace of blue in it. The first American edition of *Little Dorrit* is not mentioned; it was published by Peterson of Philadelphia, complete for 50 cents (!) in a copy of the original wrapper in dull red. There was also an atrocious illustrated edition of *Great Expectations*, issued by the same firm.

While I am writing I should like to ask if you or any of your readers can tell me from what edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* comes an illustration which I possess of Pecksniff's exposure. It is of a size and style matching the full-page plates to the Household edition of *Pickwick*, and must date from about the same period. I find no mention anywhere of Phiz having executed any such wood cuts.

Faithfully yours,

13, ALBION ROAD, SOUTH HAMPSTEAD, N.W. F. CORDER.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

SIR,—In the year 1895 during my stay at Benllech Bay (the adjoining Bay to the north of Redwharf Bay), Anglesey, having on previous years visited the place where the actual wreck of the *Royal Charter* took place, I was returning from a walk to Moelfre and was sitting on the green sward just outside the hamlet or small village which is known by that name, when a middle-aged sailor joined me and we entered into conversation as to this wreck, when he told me he well remembered the occasion of it, for he was then a boy living at home in Moelfre with his father, and the day had been a stormy one, but the wind and rain increased as the night came on, and sometime during the night his father called him up and said he was almost sure there was a wreck not far off as he thought he heard guns being fired. They had great difficulty in opening the house door, and when they got outside the wind was blowing so terrifically they were unable to stand upright after they left the shelter of the houses, and had therefore to crawl on their hands and knees over the turf till they arrived close to the creek where the doomed ship was; and his father rendered all the assistance he could to those who were fortunate enough in coming within his reach with their lives. One of the sad incidents of the wreck, so my informant told me, was that if the captain had only given orders for a main sail or other large sheet of canvas to be let down over the side of the vessel as soon as she struck in the creek between her and the outside sea, nearly all the passengers and others might have been landed in safety, and the loss of life (if any) would have been small, for there would have been smooth water between the vessel and the land, and the ships boats could have been then used. Another sad case was that of a sailor who had made several voyages to Australia, and in trying to reach the land by means of the bowsprit, was blown off and drowned in sight of his home. I well remember as a boy the occasion of the wreck for one of the ill-fated passengers was a Mrs. Foster, who had lived in my native town and was returning from Australia where she had been visiting some relatives, and

ought to have landed at Queenstown, but, alas! decided to go on to Liverpool as she would be nearer her home; she was identified by a peculiar gold ring on one of her fingers, though her features were much disfigured when her body was recovered from the sea. The old church at Llanallgo has been somewhat restored, but the church at Penhros Lligwy has been rebuilt since Dickens visited the locality.

July, 1907. W. H. VAUGHAN.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD.—The Annual General Meeting of the Guild will be held on Thursday, September 12th, at 7.30 p.m., at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., when the Committee hope all members of the Guild and others interested in the work will attend.

A party of members of the Guild joined in a very enjoyable ramble on Saturday, July 13th, to Roehampton. During the afternoon a visit was paid to the Church of the Holy Trinity, where, through the kindness of those in charge, a thorough inspection was made of the beautiful marbles, carvings, gold plate, needlework, &c.—in fact, of everything of interest in which the building abounds. A visit was also made to the "Children's Home of Rest." A long country ramble followed, and every one had a most enjoyable day.

The Hon. Secretary begs to thank several members and friends for gifts of clothing and books. Some parcels have neither names nor addresses of donors stated, so can only be acknowledged by this means. A gift of one dozen "free medical letters" for the sick is also greatly appreciated by the Committee.

DUBLIN.—The inaugural meeting of the Dublin branch took place on the 25th July, at the Sackville Café, and was an enthusiastic success. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., and was supported by a numerous company. In opening the proceedings the Chairman referred to the parent Society and its work, and spoke generally of the work and influence of Dickens. In the absence of Mr. Jack Shaw, who has worked so hard in bringing about the meeting, and to whom the formation of the branch is mainly due, Mr. Shegog outlined the programme of the proposed branch, which was to be on the lines of other branches of the Fellowship. Mr. W. H. Huish also spoke of what such a Society might be to Dublin if worked in the spirit of the rules of the parent Society. Mr. Woodhams, Mr. Collins, Mr. J. F. Jackson, and Mr. A. D. Hanna also supported the two previous speakers. The meeting having formed itself into a branch, Sir Charles Cameron was unanimously elected President, and Mr. W. H. Huish Vice-President. The election of officers and a Committee, with power to add to their number, was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Huish; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Jack Shaw; Organizing Secretary, Mr. G. A. Prescott; Committee—Messrs. William Reid, John T. Robson, and Mr. D. Collins; Miss Kathleen Slyne, Mrs. Culwick, and Miss Anna M. Gibbons. Mr. Hector S. Hughes then proposed a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Cameron for presiding, which was carried enthusiastically. Mr. Prescott moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Huish for the use of the room. On his energy, the speaker said, the success of the meeting had entirely depended. This was also carried with applause. On the conclusion of the meeting most of those present handed in applications for membership.

MELBOURNE.—The monthly meeting of this branch, held on June 3, was a great success. The President, the Rev. E. Rorke, B.A., presided over a crowded house, there being fully 300 present. Encouraging letters were

read from the General Secretary and the Editor of *The Dickensian* conveying good wishes to the branch and wishing it continued prosperity. The evening was devoted to the consideration of *Bleak House*, and the following splendid programme was rendered :—Address by Mr. A. P. Du Soir, Vice-President, on "Esther Summerson and Lady Dedlock"; papers by Mr. Fred Scrivener and Mr. A. Hunt on "Harold Skimpole" and "Miss Flite"; recital by the Rev. E. Rorke, "Poor Jo"; and a dramatic scene in character by Mr. and Mrs. Windas, "Guppy and Lady Dedlock."

At the July meeting another large attendance filled the hall. The greater part of the evening was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Rentoul, Vice-President, who delivered a magnificent lecture on "Chesterton's *Dickens*" with a fire and energy and sparkling crispness that were very delightful. He drew special attention to the following outstanding features of the book, namely, Romanticism, Realism, Optimism, and Caricature. The other contributors to the programme were Mr. Frank Scrivener, who read a capital paper on "The Haunted Man," Mrs. Blackburn, who read "The Kenwigs," and Mr. J. H. Crowther, who gave a short address on "Dickens at Work." Dr. Rentoul is one of the foremost literary men in Melbourne, a professor at the University, and a brilliant lecturer.

SHREWSBURY.—The annual outing of members took place on July 25, when nearly forty members and friends had a most enjoyable excursion to Hawkstone Park. The afternoon was well spent in admiring the lovely scenery and exploring the subterranean wonders of the park and the cliffs. After refreshments at the Hawkstone Hotel, the party returned, *viâ* Wem and Harmer Hill, all agreeing that a delightful day had been spent. Mr. W. L. Booth, President, and Mr. J. Jenks, Vice-President, were most assiduous in attending to the comforts of the party.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

QUESTION

CAN any reader of *The Dickensian* kindly tell me the publishers and published price of the late F. G. Kitton's *Dickensiana?* If out of print, what would be a fair price to pay for a second-hand copy? JEX.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Bleak House. 2 volumes. In the "National" Edition. (Sold in sets only.) London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10*s.* 6*d.* net each.

Our Mutual Friend, Reprinted Pieces, and *David Copperfield.* In the "Popular" Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1*s.* net each cloth; 2*s.* net each leather.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"The Children of Dickens, iii." *Little Folks,* August.

"Pickwick as History." *Pall Mall Gazette,* July 18.

"Pickwick Exhibition." *The Tribune,* July 19; *Standard, Daily Chronicle,* July 20; *Glasgow Herald* (Leader), *Daily Telegraph, Daily News, Morning Post, The Times,* July 22; *Church Times,* August 2; *Queen,* August 3; and many other London and Provincial papers.

"Spectres of Crime: The Last of the Old Bailey." *The Tribune,* July 19.

"Questions appropriate to the Pickwick Exhibition." *Evening Standard,* July 22; answers to same, *Ibid.,* July 24.

"A Dickens Shrine: Forster's House." *The Tribune,* July 24.

"Pickwick Exhibition: Opening by Mr. T. P. O'Connor." *Christian World*, July 25; *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle* (illustrated), *Morning Post*, *Daily Graphic*, *Manchester Courier*, July 23; and other papers.

"Delightful Discrepancies of Dickens." By Canon Benham, D.D. *Morning Leader*, July 26; *Athenæum* and *Black and White* (illustrated), July 27; *World*, July 30; *Guardian*, July 31.

"Pickwick in Piccadilly." By J. W. T. Ley. *Notts Guardian*, July 27.

"The Old Curiosity Shop: a London Relic Doomed." (Illustrated.) *Manchester Guardian*, July 27.

"Robert Burns and Charles Dickens." By J. M. Sloan. *Fortnightly Review*, August.

"The Pickwick Exhibition: T. P. O'Connor's Address." *T. P.'s Weekly*, August 2.

"Mr. Pickwick's England." (G. K. Chesterton's Lecture.) *Morning Post*, *The Tribune*, *Daily News*, August 2; *British Weekly*, Augsut 8; *Sketch*, August 14.

"Portraits of Dickens"; "The Peregrinations of Pickwick," by C. Van Noorden (illustrated); "Sunny East Anglia," and a coloured Portrait by Dickens by E. Goodwyn Lewis. *The Crown*, August 3.

"Our Note Book: The Eatanswill Gazette." By G. K. Chesterton. *Illustrated London News*, August 10.

"Dickens and Broadstairs." By B. W. Matz. *Broadstairs and St. Peter's Echo*, August 10.

"When Dickens first crossed the Atlantic." *Glasgow Citizen*, August 17.

"Bardell Kontraŭ Pickwick" and "Dickens Esperantised." *Cambridge Daily News*, August 15.

"Charles Dickens as a Lecturer: full-page Portrait by Alfred Bryan." *Sphere*, August 17.

"Cosmopolitan Mr. Pickwick." *Egyptian Gazette*, Alexandria, August 9.

"Dickens as an Actor." *The Era*, August 3.

"Dickens and Drink," by Canon Horsley. *Daily News*, August 9.

COPE'S DICKENS ALBUM

WE have received from the publishers a copy of "Cope's Smoke-room Album: No. 1, Charles Dickens." It comprises a series of very excellent drawings in colour representing fifty of the better-known characters from the works of the novelist, drawn and designed by the late John Wallace (G. Pipeshank). All the characters are well conceived, and the artist has depicted the peculiarity of each in a delightful manner. The frontispiece represents Dickens seated at a table entertaining some of his creations over a bowl of punch, whilst the title-page has life-like portraits of the novelist and Sam Weller and his father. Messrs. Cope Bros. & Co. are presenting copies of this album to purchasers of their Solace Cigarettes.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

SEPTEMBER

1—14. The Pickwick Exhibition at New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., open from 10—7. Admission 1s.

5. "A Chat about Dickens and the Places in his Books," by B. W. Matz, with lantern slides, at the Pickwick Exhibition, New Dudley, Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., at 7.30.

12. Annual General Meeting of Needlework and Charitable Guild at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C., at 7.30.

Frontispiece to the First Volume of the Original Edition of "A Child's History of England," drawn by F. W. Topham.